

Vol. 1

Presented to the Society of the
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No. 1

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"By the street of By-and-by one arrives at the house of Never."

A Summer Afternoon

By Florence M. Alexander, '10

Dale Hamilton, the young author of twelve "best-sellers," swung off the train with several others as it reached Blue Lake. The station, a low, gray box affair, reminded Hamilton of a very decrepit, gray-headed old man set in the midst of the gay crowd of young people that swarmed over the rickety platform. The chattering groups were looking expectantly at the ends of the cars when Hamilton got off, and he noted with a bit of disgust a huge automobile that waited beside the platform, rattling away with the noise of a city demon impatient to be in the country. In back of the throng Hamilton noticed an elderly man in a linen duster, who had the air of not having been absent for a long time from Wall Street, nervously pacing the platform, scanning the face of each passenger as he descended the cars, and sometimes referring to a photograph that he held in his hand.

Once in back of the noisy crowd, Hamilton looked around to get his bearings. "Duped again," thought he. "From the name, 'Blue Lake,' and a scant description of the place in the railroad folder, I imagined the place was a New England mountain village, where the chief literature was the Bible and the President's message—and I get this." On the hill above the station a dozen cottages showed plainly, and automobiles like huge bumble-bees buzzed by in swirls of dust. The train rolled off, and disappointed girls' voices said in despair: "He hasn't come."

Suddenly the man with the photograph, noticing Hamilton standing alone, walked over to him. "By the way," he said, "we just heard from a newspaper agency that a popular young author was to come on this train. You don't happen to have seen him, do you?" He held up the photograph. "My wife and I wish to entertain him. He's new to this part of the country, and I think he may have passed the station."

Hamilton looked down at the photograph. It was a picture of himself, a ridiculous photograph of him taken in cowboy costume. He carried with much obviousness a revolver stuck in his fringed trousers, a bandanna handkerchief lay in elaborate carelessness about his neck, and a theatrically-wide sombrero was upon his head. He chuckled. Always alive to the possibilities resulting from an unconventional picture of a popular author, his publishers a few months before had had him taken in that attire.

"Deliver your words not by number but by weight."

"Perhaps," said the man in the linen duster, "he may come on the 4.35 train."

"Probably," said Hamilton, with the conviction that he wouldn't.

The man left him and entered the automobile, which roared away in a cloud of dust.

Left alone on the now deserted platform, Hamilton stood silent, suit case in hand. An overwhelming desire to escape people, dinners, and cities had seized him. In choosing Blue Lake he had hoped it would prove a true country spot—a refuge from people. He had half decided to take the next train back, when the beauty of the place claimed him. Then he decided to remain incognito. It was a hot day, and beyond the beauty of the lake stretched the hills, blue and hazy with midsummer heat. He walked up the little hill that rose from the station. On all sides were cottages half hidden among the trees, and somewhere he heard a college song, and the sound of banjo plunking that came probably from some shady veranda.

Once on top of the hill, the view captivated him. He could see a large lake, circled by rolling hills, and in the distance the dim blue of mountains. Little curves, green, shady nooks in the irregular circle of the lake, whose farther bank was uninhabited, seemed to call him. "Beautiful! There's fishing there, you can bet." Suddenly he felt an irresistible desire to go out on the sunlit water and seek the shady opposite shore.

Down the steep path he went, along the gray road, past the station, until he came to the small boathouse, where, tied to the float, several canoes and rowboats lay idle in the sun. On the shady side of the house, on a chair tipped against the wall, a bare-legged boy sat reading. "Here, sonny, how much do you rob people by the hour for a boat?"

The boy grinned. "Depend's upon the boat and the person."

Hamilton laughed. "Guess I'll leave my suit case with you, and I'll take this one," untying the rope of a trim keel boat. "And I'll be back in a few hours."

"So long," said the boy nonchalantly, and resumed his book.

Hamilton rowed across the water, seeking the opposite shore. It was blinding hot, and of wind there was scarcely a breath. "What a lovely place, but so infernally hot!" he thought. Now and then a tiny breeze swept mockingly by, intensifying the heat. He reached the other shore. It was as delightful as he had imagined. Full of cool

"By learning to obey you will know how to command."

greens, golden shade, and amber water, with big, wet, green stones, and overhanging branches that dipped in the water as he went by, and pervaded with the damp, mossy smell of woods and wet stones, it was an ideal place on a heated day. He rested on his oars, then rowed gently in and out of the ragged shore line. Suddenly from beyond a slight twist in the bank before him he heard an exclamation, a crashing as among twigs, then several violent jerks. He quickened his stroke, and came upon a pretty sight.

Against the cool greens of the bank, standing with a paddle in the prow of a canoe, stood a young girl in a white gown, a girl whose loveliness involuntarily made Hamilton think of the hackneyed maid, "divinely tall and divinely fair." Cheeks pink from exertion, disordered hair made a cloud of gold by a shaft of sun sifting through the branches, eyes bright, mouth twitching in vexed anger, she was trying to free her canoe from the clutch of two big stones between which she had evidently run. Hamilton's oars clattered to the bottom of his boat, and he stood up quickly. "Pardon, but I see you are in difficulty. Can I be of any assistance?"

The girl turned her flushed face on him and looked relieved. "Yes, I'm stuck. I ran in between these two big stones, and I couldn't get out, and I've shoved and pushed, and now there's a hole jabbed into the front of the canoe."

Hamilton poled over and looked. In the prow was a hole into which the water would soon be pouring freely. "I'm afraid you can't stay in it much longer. You can step into my boat and I'll place the canoe where it can be found and mended."

She entered his boat with a friendly smile. "I really don't know what I should have done if you hadn't come along." He had hoisted the canoe upon a huge stone on the bank, and the two had seated themselves, the girl in front of him against the pile of her boat cushions. "I live over there," she pointed to a place on the opposite side of the lake quite near the place where Hamilton had started.

"Suppose I take you around the lake instead of across. It's pretty hot out there now, and even if this is the longer way, it's shadier." Looking at her before him among the cushions, Hamilton wondered vaguely why he had never been able to create heroines as lovely as she before him. She rested her elbows on the cushions, and looked at him over clasped hands with eyes that were blue, deep, and adorable.

"Perfection is acquired by doing common things uncommonly well."

Hamilton felt that he ought to talk. "It's beautiful here, isn't it?" "Yes," answered the girl, looking out of the shade they were in across the bright water towards the hills. "Yes, it is very beautiful."

Hamilton thought that he ought to continue his part in the formal conversation. "I've just left Boston, and it's as hot—as blazes there." She laughed, and Hamilton wished that he had nothing to do but to sit still and watch her and hear that laugh of hers. The only metaphor that he could think of was that it was like a running scale of silver bells.

"I've run away," she announced naively.

"Run away?" Hamilton was about to tell her that he, too, had run away. "From what?"

"From Dale Hamilton, the author."

Hamilton dropped his oars and stared at her in blankest amazement. "Dale Hamilton! Why in the world Dale Hamilton?"

"Because I'm tired of meeting lions, especially literary lions. They're conceited, eccentric,—and as a rule, tiresome."

"Oh!" said Hamilton.

"Moreover," continued the girl, "when a man writes such books as Dale Hamilton does—two books a year, with the same kind of Eastern girl heroine, when the hero is either a Harvard graduate or a very gentlemanly cowboy, he gets tiresome."

It was cutting, but Hamilton felt the truth of it. "Don't you think he has ever done any good work?" he asked.

"Yes. I loved his first book. It was just full of the spirit of the West, and I used to read and read it. Finally after a while he started writing his novels, and now it seems as if he was writing just for popular favor. Once in a while he tucks a little gem of description in his work, but I don't believe the people he writes for appreciate it. He's getting slipshod but he gets a lot of money. One ought not to waste one's talent so. Do you know," she laughed the wistful laugh of a child, "I used to love that little old first book of his, but his work grew so poor to me that I hid the little thin book away in the back of my bookcase. It seems to me that he could do better things if he wanted to."

Hamilton was silent for a second or two. He looked down at the oars. "Perhaps you're right."

"There's a man up here who has his picture," she continued. "It's a very 'posey' picture, and he's very conceited looking, and is in a ridicu-

"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

lous cowboy costume." Hamilton almost groaned. That awful picture!

He grew a little daring. "Some say he looks like me."

The girl surveyed him. "No, he's very ugly and conceited looking."

Hamilton returned: "By that you might say that I was good looking."

The girl tossed her head, and looked away a trifle distantly. "I didn't say that."

"I've met Hamilton myself," said Hamilton, "and he really isn't as bad as some people think him to be. He likes his mountains, his plains, and his people, but he likes civilization, too. You know it isn't wise to have all of the one and none of the other."

"No, I don't suppose so," said the girl. "I've often wanted to live out West myself, and some time when mother's well,—she is quite an invalid now,—I'm going out there—and write stories."

"Oh, you write stories, do you?" said Hamilton, disappointed.

"Yes," hesitatingly.

"For what magazine generally?" rather cruelly.

"I haven't had any published so far—you see——"

"It's hard to find the right publisher," suggested Hamilton.

"Yes."

Hamilton felt sorry. Hitherto unsuccessful authoresses had never struck him as very pathetic—but this one did, terribly so.

She brightened with a distracting smile. "Do you like living in Boston?"

"Very much." He had lived there two nights.

Now that he had firmly established himself in a home, Hamilton felt more relieved at the trend his affairs had taken.

He had been rowing as slowly as he could along the shady shore, but now and then, from the thick trees up the bank, a cottage or two began to peep out. "I live up there," said the girl. "Perhaps you had better stop here, because there is a path that leads up the hill." Hamilton slowed up, stopped the boat, and gathered up her boat cushions. She gave him her hand, and he helped her over the big, green stones. "I want to thank you for all your trouble," she said.

Hamilton bared his head. "It was no trouble at all." He paused. "I wish I were going to see you again. You have come very beauti-

"Perfection should be the aim of every true artist."—*Beethoven.*

fully into my life this afternoon, and I wish you did not have to go formally out of it. I wish I could see you again."

The girl, a few steps above him on the steep path, looked down at him and hesitated. "I should be very glad. My name is Rosamund Graves."

Rosamund, Rosamund,—of all names it suited her the most. Then all at once his shame swept over him. He could feel his face flame and burn with red. He stammered like an overgrown schoolboy: "My name—I am Dale Hamilton."

Suddenly he knew how a parched man on Sahara feels when the sun beats blinding, pitiless down upon him. "You may be Dale Hamilton," said the white-gowned girl, "but you are no gentleman."

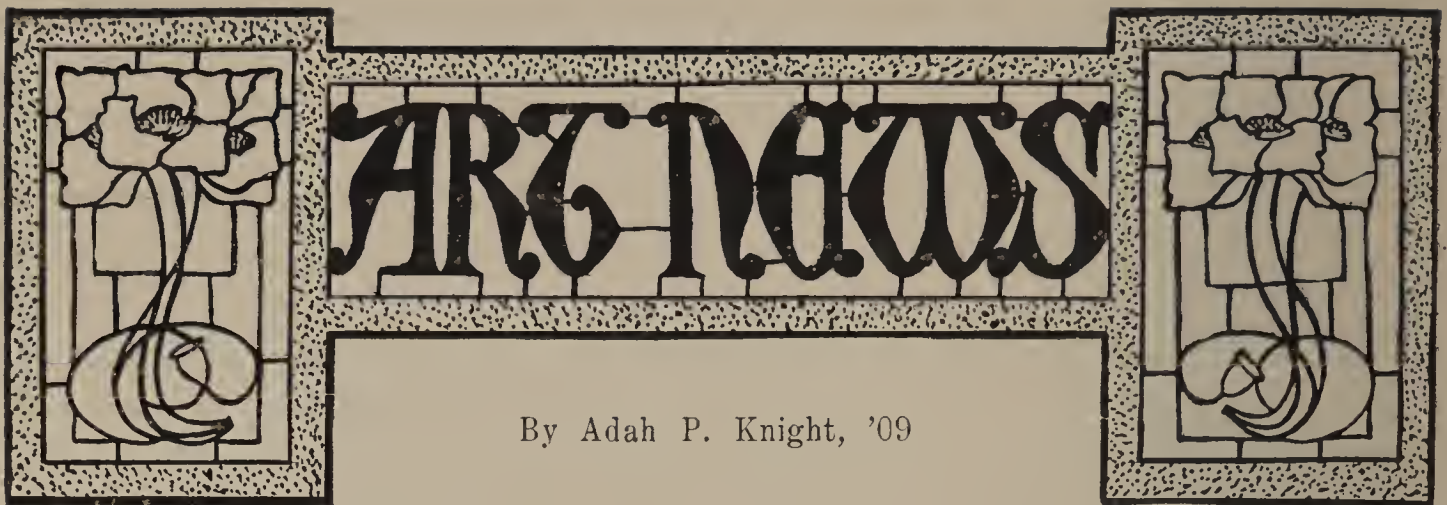
He wished that he could look heroic, that he had done something worthy of praise, that he had perhaps saved her life. Why hadn't her little canoe been sinking out in the middle of the lake, and she clinging perilously to it when he had found her, just in time to make a thrilling rescue?

"Don't judge me so," he implored. "Don't think I'm like that awful photograph. I'm a brute, I know. But I came away from that little station disgusted because people were ready to mob me—lionize me—as you best know, and I met you, and you are the first one who has had the courage to tell me face to face what he really thought of me; though worse is the shame, I have known all of it myself. If you could see how pitifully small and mean I look to myself now, I think you would forgive me. But I'll write a book,—I'll write a book that will make you take the little old first one out of its hiding place and put them side by side. Just give me a chance to try and prove myself a little better. Just one chance," he pleaded. Her face was still angry, and he looked down again in shame. Then he raised his head. This time he could see that she was trying to look prim, that her mouth was twitching. Then she laughed, and Hamilton fell deeper in love with her dimples.

"Well, I'll give you a chance—and no, I won't apologize for what I've said. I'm not at all sorry, and I'm glad I did you good."

She went up the steep path. Hamilton stood still at the foot with

[Continued on page 12.]



To make a success as teacher, decorator, sculptor, or painter, the work of the art school must be supplemented by much observation out of doors, in the galleries and the museum. A careful study of the magazines will also yield much of profit to the wide-awake student. During the year notes on the exhibitions and illustrations in the magazines will be found in this column.

Tickets for the museum are furnished by the school, and so we are able to visit it during the week to study the historic schools of painting. Perhaps we shall be able to see the new building opened before the end of the year, which will be very instructive and a great privilege. Too much stress cannot be laid on this matter of knowing the resources of one's own city; it is necessary for general culture, and is of wide benefit to all students.

We all learn to use the Art corridor in the library—for design anatomy and composition it is indispensable, and a little colony of M. N. A. S. students is often found busily working through the long afternoon. The card for drawing books is always furnished to Art School students, though they are non-residents of Boston.

The galleries in Boston arrange for the winter months a series of exhibitions in which the work of American painters can be followed. Our Boston painters exhibit constantly here, which gives us a chance to become familiar with the work of such men as Tarbell, Benson, Hale, Decamp, Paxton, and many others. A review of these exhibitions is found in the Sunday Herald, with valuable comments by Philip Hale. To these exhibitions one must bring a memory well stored with observation of nature to help to form sensible opinions of the pictures.

The most interesting accounts of masters modern and masters old are found from time to time in the magazines. The Munsey Magazine is publishing a series, of which several have appeared, the last, on John W. Alexander, by Christian Brinton. From the School Arts Book we take the following notes on September magazines:—

“Century—‘The Spell of Egypt’ continues. It is a pity that the re-

“The reward of a thing well done, is to have it done.”

producing processes are so uncertain. To guess at the beauty of Guérin's plates, it is necessary to compare several numbers of the same issue, but to judge fairly of his real work, one must see the original. Of the three plates reproduced in this number, the frontispiece is the least satisfactory, and the court of the Temple of Edfer most satisfactory. But for cleverness of composition and charming variety of *color*, the moonlight over the great Pylon must be given first place. The unfortunate note, the one thing which prevents the plate from being the best of the three, is the false value of the distant shore of the Nile. It doesn't appear to be distant, and fails to explain itself at first sight. It is interesting to compare the plates by Guérin, Wyeth, Taylor, to see how increasing contrast suggests increasing power of light. Other good comparative studies in this number are pen drawings by A. B. Blashfield, Frederick Dow Steele, and Harry Fenn. The quality of line in all these may be further compared with the decorative drawings by R. Wier Crouch. The illustrations for 'An American Master of Landscape,' by T. M. Cleland, are extraordinarily faithful reproductions of pencil work. This number contains three characteristic plates by Castaigne.

"The International Studio for September opens with a 'Blue Girl' which is a rival in blueness of Gainsborough's 'Blue Boy.' The artist who has the position of honor in this number is Edwin Howland Blashfield. His work is described by Homer St. Gaudens, and illustrated brilliantly from Blashfield's decoration. A brilliantly successful departure in illustration is to be seen in Modern Miniature Painting by a Lys Baldry, where thirteen color plates faithfully reproduce the ivory miniature. The pencil drawings by A. E. Newcombe are the best possible examples of pencil rendering.

"Harper's Monthly—The illustrations in 'The Judgment of the Steerage,' by Schoonover, force one to think of the old adage, 'Enough is as good as a feast.' The initial and the Portuguese mother and child show color enough. It would be rather instructive for the student to compare the handling of 'An Interlude,' by Sergeant Kendall, with the handling of such half-tone plates as that by George Harding, H. E. Townsend, and W. Hatherell. In which of these pictures is the reality in three dimensions most convincingly suggested? This number furnishes an opportunity to compare at least four distinct methods of drawing for black and white reproduction: Oil, p. 564; water-color, p.

"As are the men, so is the product."

594; crayon, 578; and charcoal, 627. I do not say that these were the mediums used entirely in any case, but the classification is convenient.

"Scribner's—'The House of Rimmon,' by Henry van Dyke, contains the most successful tinted half-tone of the month from a drawing by W. H. Everett. One is tempted to say that this contains the most beautiful sky ever produced by means of a tinted half-tone plate. This number is unusually rich in excellent half-tone reproductions. The frontispiece, by Castaigne, 'The Locating Engineer,' by Wyeth; the 'McCall's Ferry Dam,' by R. Shrader; 'The New Railroad Yards,' by Edwin B. Child; 'We'll Fight You Both,' by F. C. Yohn; and 'They Have Been Good Days,' by Oliver Kemp, maintain a higher average than those printed in any other of the great monthlies.

"McClure's—The most original and, for beginners in illustration, the most educational pictures of the month are the brilliant line plates by Walter Jack Duncan. One must go back to the old copper plates of a bygone age to duplicate such crisp effects for boys and girls who have been brought up on the broad, gray line scramble method of suggesting supposed detail or lack of detail, which has been so prevalent in parts of our country.

"The World To-day—Under the title, 'Illustrators of the Magazines,' will be found a very interesting account by Gustavus C. Widney."

For the convenience of the Freshman class, we publish the directory of galleries: Copley Gallery, Newbury street, near Clarendon street; Doll and Richards, 71 Newbury street; Williams and Everett, Boylston street; Rowlands, Boylston street; Boston Art Club, Dartmouth street; St. Botolph Club, Newbury street, near Arlington street; Twentieth Century Club, 3 Joy street.

A Summer Afternoon

[Continued from page 9.]

the boat cushions under his arm. "I have your cushions, and I'll have to give them to you some time," said he, looking up. "To-morrow, then."

She had reached the top of the hill, and turned a laughing face over her shoulder. "To-morrow, then."

EDITORIALS

Most people think that a school paper is at a disadvantage when it relies solely upon its subscribers for the important literary matter in its magazine. Let us, in our case, make this fact an advantage. Let us make our magazine a practical one. You of the design and of the drawing and painting classes, who have had experience in the professional world, let us, the majority of the Public School Class, know more about your art. Teachers, who know more than all of us, do you realize how valuable to us some printed words of yours might be?

We have passed another milestone in our school career, and are entering upon another school year. Let us look back for a moment. How greatly have we improved the opportunities which the dear old commonwealth has given us to advance our learning, that we may advance others' likewise?

Let us stop and think of our future. Freshmen, you have the greatest opportunities. Work hard, and if you are not adapted to the line of work you have chosen to specialize in, do not continue, but find a vocation that you are adapted to. It will pay in the end. As students, let us band together and resolve "to account profitably for each minute of our school life."

It is the plan of the staff this year to omit the staff artist from the editorial board, and to call upon individuals for the monthly cover design. The design this month was drawn by Edward P. Fox, of the Portrait Class.

Through the kindness of James B. Goddard, the staff will publish an original colored Japanese print as a frontispiece for the November number.

As soon as the Freshman class is formed as a body, two class editors will be appointed to look after the interests of their class.

ALUMNI NOTES

Laura Marie Marceau, 8 Madison Street, Somerville, Mass.

"Magnificent Autumn! He comes not like a pilgrim clad in russet weeds. He comes not like a hermit clad in gray. But he comes like a warrior with the stain of blood upon his brazen mail. His crimson scarf is rent. His scarlet banner drips with gore. His step is like a flail upon the threshing floor."—Longfellow.

At this season of the year all,—those who have more or less recently left the Alma Mater, those still 'neath her sheltering care, down to the wee primary scholar barely able to guide his crayon,—all are bent upon reproducing and retaining some of nature's wondrous fall colors.

We gaze in delight upon the flash of red, the gleam of dull gold, the bit of brave green, the fields of tawny brown, the orange in the grasses, the lazy haze over distant red-violet trees.

Oberon sang: "I know a bank whereon the wild thyme grows." Well, I know a wide lane where willow trees abound; such trees as would have filled Corot's soul with sheer joy. They bring a sweet calm to the spirit of the beholder, especially now, when viewed in the mellow sunlight and dreamy air of October.

It is difficult to tear ourselves from this beautiful out-of-doors, but back to school are we come, scholars and teachers alike.

I say "we." The alumni are not widely separated from the students—they are just pupils in the wider school of experience. Our aim is to strengthen the link that binds the two classes—graduates and undergraduates.

All you who have finished Class A, join the Alumni Association, come to the reunion that is held yearly, and listen to the inspiring words of those graduates who are widely known for the good works they have done.

Let us endeavor through this column to become better acquainted. Any news concerning alumni will be gratefully received by the editor at the address given above.

"Art is art precisely because it is not nature."—Goethe.

Over two hundred supervisors and teachers from the United States attended the third International Drawing Congress held in London last summer.

We Normal "Artites" have cause to be proud, for the three members of the official committee from America,—James Hall, of New York, Charles M. Carter, of Denver, and Professor William Woodward, of New Orleans,—are alumni of the dear old M. N. A. S., as are also the well-beloved and genial Henry T. Bailey and Leslie Miller, of Philadelphia, who were two of the speakers selected to represent the United States upon the congress programme.

The permanent international committee elected as the committee for the next congress, to be held in some European country in 1912, are: James Frederick Hopkins, Baltimore, M. N. A. S., '89; John S. Ankeney, Columbia, Mo.; and Ernest A. Batchelder, Pasadena, Cal., M. N. A. S., '99.

Following is a list of M. N. A. S. alumni who attended the congress:—

Bailey, Henry T., editor of the School Arts Book, North Scituate, Mass.
Batchelder, Ernest A., instructor Throop Polytechnic Institute, Pasadena, Cal., P. S. C., 1899.

Burnham, Frederic L., state agent for the promotion of manual arts, Cambridge, Mass.

Carret, Elsie H., art instructor Crosby High School, Waterbury, Conn., P. S. C., 1898.

Carter, Charles M., director of art, Denver, Colo.

Colby, Eugene C., state supervisor of drawing, New York state, Rochester, N. Y.

Condon, Harriet D., Normal School, South Manchester, Conn.

Cook, Mary L., supervisor of Drawing, Middleboro, Mass., P. S. C., 1895.

Edwards, William J., director of manual arts, Malden, Mass., P. S. C., 1895.

Elliott, Grace, supervisor of drawing, Everett, Mass., P. S. C., 1890.

Farnum, Royal B., director of normal department, School of Art, Cleveland, O., P. S. C., 1906.

Farnum, Mrs. Royal B. (nee Adeline S. Burnette), P. S. C., 1906.

"All art is sentiment embodied in form."

- Hall, James, director of art department, Ethical Culture, New York city.
- Hintz, Bertha W., John Marshall High School, Chicago, Ill.
- Hopkins, James F., director Maryland Institute Schools of Art and Design, Baltimore, Md.
- Jennison, Lucia N., assistant teacher, Cambridge, Mass.
- Jewett, Sarah E., teacher of drawing, Weston, Mass.
- Kimber, Jean, drawing teacher, Pittsburg Academy, Pittsburg, Pa., P. S. C., 1906.
- Locke, Alice G., Richmond, Ind.
- Mason, William A., director of drawing, Philadelphia, Pa.
- May, Stella, supervisor of drawing, Gloucester, Mass., P. S. C., 1893.
- Miller, Leslie W., principal of School of Industrial Art, Philadelphia, Pa.
- Morse, Sadie M., Normal Hall, Trenton, N. J., P. S. C., 1893.
- Norton, Georgie L., dean Cleveland School of Art, Cleveland, O.
- O'Connor, Ellen F. G., art instructor, West Roxbury High School, Boston, Mass., P. S. C., 1896.
- Patrick, Mary L., supervisor of drawing, Somerville, Mass.
- Pearson, Mary A., State Normal School, North Adams, Mass.
- Phillips, Lillian A., director manual training, State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.
- Pitman, Sophia L., Moses Brown School, Providence, R. I.
- Pleadwell, Amy, supervisor of drawing, 16 Louisburg square, Boston, Mass., P. S. C., 1899.
- Pond, Clara W., director of drawing, Woonsocket, R. I., P. S. C., 1899.
- Reed, Grace, teacher of drawing, 16 Louisburg square, Boston, P. S. C., 1899.
- Rice, Clara L., supervisor of drawing, Augusta, Me., P. S. C., 1902.
- Richards, Mary F., 53 Parade street, Providence, R. I.
- Smith, Bernice C., supervisor manual arts, Gardner, Mass., P. S. C., 1903.
- Stiles, Walter N., curator London Congress Exhibit, Middleton, Mass.
- Warner, Annette J., State Normal School, Fitchburg, Mass.
- Whallay, Jessie, director of art department, State Normal School, Oneonta, N. Y.
- Whiting, Lillian, supervisor of drawing, Northfield, Mass., P. S. C., 1903.
- Wood, Florence M., supervisor of drawing, Hyde Park, Mass.

"If the counsel be good, no matter who gave it."

Woodward, William, professor of drawing and painting, Newcomb College, Tulane University, New Orleans, La.

James Hall, of the Ethical Culture School, New York, is sketching in Europe.

The London Congress Exhibition will be reported in the School Arts Book by a committee chosen in London by the American members of the congress, under the chairmanship of Leslie Miller. The introductory part, prepared by Mr. Miller himself, will appear in the November issue of the School Arts Book.

In the October Craftsman will be found "The World's Advance in Industrial Education," by Ernest A. Batchelder.

Walter Sargent, director of drawing and handicraft for Boston, recently held a most successful exhibition and sale of his paintings at North Scituate, Mass.

Frederick L. Burnham's first report contains a list of articles which can be made by the children at their desks without special equipment.

A number of American art teachers who were present at the London Congress are to spend the fall and early winter in Europe, studying the schools of applied art in France, Switzerland, and Germany. Miss Georgie L. Norton, dean of the Cleveland School of Art, has been granted a year's leave of absence, and intends to spend the winter in Italy.

Royal B. Farnum, 1906, has been given charge of the art department at the Summer School of the South, Knoxville, Tenn. Under his directorship, this school, registering over two thousand students last summer, had a highly successful season.

Miss Annie F. Rogers, 1906, will not return to Mexico, where she has been teaching in the Schools of American School Association since graduating.

Raymond W. Perry, 1905, married Miss Mae B. Gatchell, of Lewiston, Me., on June 24, 1908.

Miss Mary F. Carrick, instructor of art at the English High School, Somerville, Mass., was married to Charles Thurston in Paris last summer. Mr. Thurston had a picture accepted at the Paris Salon this year.

Miss Elizabeth V. Doherty, 1905, is teaching drawing at the Prescott School, Charlestown, Mass., also assisting with the work at the Somerville Evening School.

“True importance is always simple.”

The officers of the M. N. A. S. Alumni Association for 1908-1909 are: President, Charles W. Furlong; vice-president, Mrs. Wilhelmina Dranga Campbell; secretary and treasurer, Ellen F. O'Connor; executive committee, Grace Ripley, Amy R. Whittier, Harry L. Jones, Alexander Miller, Walter N. Stiles, Jennie E. Bailey, Helen E. Cleaves, Laura M. Marceau, Charles Perry, Augustus Rose.

Class Notes

'09

Clara M. Gale

Daniel R. Stewart

The Major-angels have had their wings cropped, and are working in genuine “Ernest” (methods).

Same old cry: “All girls, yet a few boys,” Public School Class? Who pities the boys?

Home stretch, and work—Nuf Sed.

“Oh, dear! I just can't bear to get up and talk before our ‘make-believe school’! Hope I don't get called upon.”

Bring in your sketches. He is waiting. Who? Perspective No—.

Watch for the home-coming. All the latest events of the western hemisphere. Walley is on the voyage home!

Just a word to those who are looking for positions to teach next year: Be thoughtful of your instructors. Do your best work for them, and “don't give them the slip.”

We of the Public School Class welcome Miss Emeline Mendum to our class.

How many have asked the question: “Where is the Portrait Class?”

'10

Ruth B. Weber

Aldro T. Hibbard

We bid the Freshmen welcome! (Let us hope that they will never tread on our toes.)

Mr. George thinks that anything we can live with for any length of time is rare! How about it?

“As the sun colors flowers, so art colors life.”

There certainly is something missing this year. What can it be? Ask Miss Farley, she knows! Why? Because she can look out the windows this year.

Puzzle (those in Mr. G——’s studio perhaps can answer): What is it across the alley?

We are sorry not to have Miss Stephens with us this year.

Jack: “Pack had the best drawing over to evening school last night, and I came next.”

Pom: “Was any one else there?”

’11

Elizabeth B. Warren

Otis A. Philbrick

The Major portion of us have had composition. Weather prediction for Thursdays: Morning slightly clouded, followed by rapidly-increasing atmospheric disturbances. By the way, we have already had several flurries of Snow.

We went down into the modeling room the other day to see Smith. He was making eyes, as usual.

We have a joker in Mr. Major’s studio. There is always one joker in a pack, useless though it is.

Personally, we would like more queens and fewer two-spots.

We wish the rest of the girls would wear their hair down their backs as Miss Downes does.

Hallowe’en ghosts? Oh, no, only “Adam and Eve finding the dead body of Abel.”

At times some of us look as if we ought to be labeled: “Look Out! Fresh Paint.”

Just as Miss Hathaway enters, Mr. H. (happily unconscious of the sudden silence) starts up: “You’re in the right church, but in the wrong pew.”

When Mr. P—k—r gets a favorable criticism he goes home because he thinks he doesn’t need to work. When he gets an unfavorable one he goes home because he is sore. In either case he goes home.



Clara P. Chase, '09

A hearty greeting to all in the circle of exchange; and an expression of our desire to become acquainted with other papers during the coming year. We trust that to every one the summer has passed pleasantly, and that all are returning to work with renewed vigor and added interest.

With the complete change of thought that follows the close of school labors in the spring, there must of necessity grow a multitude of varying interests. During these summer months what have you heard, or seen, or done that the rest of us would enjoy hearing about, and perhaps be benefited by the knowledge?

What are the new thoughts for the school year? What standard will we adopt? Are we keeping up with the spirit of advance?

Our school papers are representative of our particular student body. Then let us advertise ourselves at the highest and best. So with our most cordial greetings we add the hope that we continue to be of mutual assistance and inspiration.

We are pleased to congratulate the Clarion on a good beginning. In the opening number of the paper the article on the West Roxbury High School, its inception and growth, is worthy of mention.

We are glad the Enterprise gives us the oration that was delivered before their graduating classes last June. If you hear a good thing, pass it on.

The editor wishes to announce that copies of the year's exchanges may be had by applying to the exchange editor for them. Many students wish to see the representative paper of their preparatory school. These copies may be taken, but must be returned to the exchange editor.

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